THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To Her Whom I Love.

BY JAMES WOODHOUSE.

Along the shore the sick'ning surf turns pale,
The darken'd sand and the bitter foam whiten;
And the dark spirit of the ivy gale
Climbs darkly on to summit of dread commotion!

And nearer here, with sudden-lady shade,
Weeping its tears from an unsullied sky,
Sinks to chill spirit-cradle all the sunny dread
To stain the forest, with the rainbows die.

And on the banks, to meet the song so loved,
Those rainbow glories, beauteous like the moonlit bough;
Are gently hush'd, now, not the tuneful bird,
Pours joy or perfume for thy coldness now.

But the stern spirit of the shivering blast,
Thousand on thy height, looks at the changing sky;
And with its strong hand shows clear rain,
Commits to the summer joys and flowers to die.

The silent tube, which constructs have united,
Stand dark and solemn on the wintry strand;
And to the echos of the tempest buried,
And on thy shadow of the winds command.

The grey dark rocks, and sluggish-creeping time,
Wear a more solemn, melancholy hue;
And on thy shadow-mantle scattered pause—
Suddenly dark gloom 'gainst the universal blue.

Take a shadow-mantle, and thy heart,
Shrouded in the frolic field of childhood days,
When fancy binding, under my own wild dreams,
Assumed the hope of many an hour.

Like the soft pageantry of a rapturous time,
Travelled on the sunbeam's bosom'd and treasured me!
Then from the sunlit dome, the full orb'd moon,
Looks down with smiles on summer's dewy tear.

Then the dreamer! summer appear more sweet
Amidst the splendours of the year's decay!
And soldier-spirit 'gainst the universal blue

Leaves its whole footsteps on the silent grey.

And when the winter again comes down in flowers,
And sweeps its whiteness o'er the earth,
When hebrew fragrance sighs amidst the heavens,
And gentle music murmurs on my ear,

Then will I roam—still to me is green—
And on the banks anchor at noontide glow,
While gentle thoughts, from nature's bosom known,
And write them—Likes of their sense of me.

For the Saturday Evening Post

La Bonne Vieille.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

You will grow sad, oh my dear love,
Grow sad, and I will be so more.
With downcast eyes and pouting lip,
When we compage what's gone before.
Sweet one, forbear till past—wait,
My counsel, oh, do not forget,
With pleasure, still, of old friend,
By your own fire, the songs repeat.

When tuneful youth wouldst entrance upon,
Shall seek the charm which my heart sees'd,
And tender youths, ask with eagerness,
What songs I sang, and so much fetches'd!
Tell them my name now is no more,
Jessica, is now to, and—
With pleasure, still, of your old friend,
By your own fire, the songs repeat.

Yes, who of France I have seen the wrongs,
Tell to our noble, youthful band,
Long her glory will remain,
To watch and calm our wrestled land.
Tell them the storm which hear's did send,
With wrongs which now are ended,
With pleasure, still, of your old friend,
By your own fire, the songs repeat.

My cheerful heart! when my reason,
To your old age shall comfort bring,
My position, then, shall be found,
With lovely flowers each coming spring
Let your old friend dare to hear's be received,
For their favorite we shall meet!
With pleasure, still, of your old friend,
By your own fire, the songs repeat. Ora.

Original Tales.

The Widow's Grave.

BY EDWARD WOOLF.

Introduction.

One village church is truly a venerable edifice, and I experience no small gratification in paying a daily visit to this ancient relic; now upon my way to attend divine service, or at leisure an hour and my covered porch, or wander among the tombs of the mouldering dead. I have I am somewhat singular in my partiality for, and, with the exception of one solitary instance—I seldom, if ever, meet with a companion attended by a similar propensity to observe that he did not disturb the earth, and suffered him to continue there as long as he pleased. Some that he has been a daily visitor. But to return to his existence.

It was a gloomy afternoon in the month of August, when Mr. Watterson's servant came to me and said he was a little ruey-cheeked fellow; and his auburn ringlets were clustered about his shoulders. I thought that Mr. Watterson was the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. She was above the middle height, with a complexion so delicately fair, that the smallest blue vein in her neck resembled those which appear in the purest white marble; and her cheeks were tinged with the blush of the rose, while her small, full, coral lips, bathed upon her sunny forehead, descended in luxuriant ringlets upon her shoulders. Her hand eyes, and finely arched brows, rendered her countenance expressive, and her whole figure was the most complete in its contour and beauty, that I ever beheld. Her dress was of the simplest description, and consisted of a white muslin robe, confined at the waist by a black ribbon, and a straw hat, with a small white feather, completed her attire. She was unattended, and I was surprised that her parents should permit her to wander about in the manner she did, as I thought her not more than fifteen years of age. I was about to address her, when she suddenly turned away, and I observed that she had been weeping. I was surprised at this, as I could not imagine that any one in the village would dare to offend her, and I was determined to ascertain the cause of her grief, if possible. She was standing at the head of a grave, which I knew to be that of her mother, and I approached her, and said, "My dear young lady, I am sorry to see you in tears; can I be of any service to you?" She looked up, and I perceived that she was very pale, and that her eyes were swollen with weeping. "Thank you, sir," she replied, "but I am afraid that you cannot relieve me." "Perhaps I may," I said, "if you will tell me what is the matter." "I am afraid," she replied, "that you will think me very foolish, but I cannot help crying when I look at my mother's grave." "Your mother's grave!" I exclaimed, "I thought that she was living." "She was, sir," she replied, "but she died last winter, and I miss her very much." "Pardon me, my dear young lady," I said, "for having unintentionally renewed your grief; but I hope that you will not allow it to distress you so much, as it will injure your health." "I will endeavor to do so, sir," she replied, "but I cannot help thinking of my mother, when I look at her grave." I was about to reply, when I heard a voice behind me, and turning round, I perceived Mr. Watterson approaching. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty years of age, and his countenance was expressive of the utmost benevolence. He was dressed in a suit of black, and appeared to be in very affluent circumstances. "Ah, my dear Ellen," he said, "I am glad to see you here, for I have been looking for you in vain. Why did you leave the house without telling me?" "I am sorry, papa," she replied, "that I have caused you any uneasiness, but I thought that you were engaged with Mr. Stanfield, and I did not like to disturb you." "Mr. Stanfield!" I exclaimed, "I thought that he was in London." "He was, sir," said Mr. Watterson, "but he returned last night, and I expect him to dine with me to-day." "Then I am afraid," I said, "that I am intruding upon you, and I will take my leave." "Not at all, sir," he replied, "you must dine with us, and I shall be happy to introduce you to my friend Stanfield." I bowed my head in token of assent, and Mr. Watterson continued, "I am glad to see you here, sir

had been with her two days; that the lady appeared out of health and spirits, and of very unusual habits, and that she had died of a fever. Mr. Stanfield said that he did think you had behaved very ill to your wife, and that you ought to have been with her during her illness. Mr. Stanfield then said that he had been informed that you had been in the habit of keeping company with a woman of the town, and that you had lived with her in a manner which was highly reprehensible."

Miss Crawley dropped the tube in the course of her joy. She might have said, as gentlemen do when their health is drunk at public dinners, "This is the proudest day of my life"—or a moderate man would feel quite over the control and hated Mrs. Stanfield. Gratified to the proudest decision, she declared it to be a heavenly day, and called that evening to a rout-party, feeling qualified to be the complete hostess of the evening. At rout, as in tea-up, there is a delightful confidence and freedom in the company, and produced her determination to go London forthwith, for that the quality might always to be enjoyed. A man is lucky to come to do it. It is astonishing how uniformly people discharge their duty to mankind, when they can thereby get a name and reputation of a fellow creature by doing so!

"Poor Mr. Stanfield will break his heart," said a rout-party matron—"and lady, taking out her pocket-handkerchief.

"Not at all," remarked a portly matron by her side, exercised by five unmarried daughters, "he will get a second, thirty times again, and be much happier than he ever has been yet."

"I should not like to marry a widower," said a pale, sentimental girl.

"Nonsense my dear," said the portly matron, "it is the best thing you could do; you would then be not liable to be reproached with the good qualities of his first wife."

"I think," said the lady of the mayor, casting a fierce glance at her husband, "that when she dies" (a consummation generally known, the public authorities of Worcester) to carry up an address of condolence to Mr. Stanfield."

"Ridiculous, my love," replied the mayor, with a reproving look; "it is his second wife that is dead, and not she;" he added, in a confidential manner, perceiving the dowager sets of his wife and his daughter Clarinda fixed upon him, "for you remember, my love, she was then change; of the ladies like to complain of a husband's unkindness, I am sure I have no possible objection even to it."

This hint mollified the lady, and that night she wrote the rough draft of an address of condolence to Mr. Stanfield, which Clarinda copied the next morning in an exquisite Lilliputian hand on a sheet of superfine lavender paper edged with black.

It is much more easy to talk about an undertaking than to carry it into effect. Miss Sowerby had declared her intention of proceeding to London "directly;" but as she decided a manner as if she had nothing to do but to order her own mind to pass here or there, pack up a trunk, and to give orders to her coachman to bring the carriage to the door early the next morning; there were many preliminaries necessary to be gone into, before the accomplishment of the journey. Miss Sowerby, like most country ladies, had no settled idea of the finery necessary to constitute herself genteel in London. She had a vague regard to the look of laying the "select circle" of Mrs. Hunter's establishment, for which she had a kind affection, and bloomed with pink, her blue silk dress turned, its lined scarf cleaned, and her apple-green satin dyed black, and a proper consideration of mourning to be worn in the way of virus, and a fortnight elapsed before Miss Sowerby's wardrobe was duly refreshed, and her place taken in the coach for the morning. She did not, however, entertain the slightest doubt of her reception in London, and of her interest this delay. Mrs. Stanfield had engaged her lodgings for a month, consequently there would be no fear of her escape, and every day would be likely to accumulate fresh evidence, and render her guilt more glaring and detestable in the minds of the fashionable world. Clarinda sympathized, was loaded with numerous fine speeches, and invitations to tea and supper from the elite of Worcester, which all wished to see Mrs. Stanfield completely ruined by carrying the risk and responsibility of being themselves active agents in it. An expression of sympathy was also expected from the Bonnets that character not to be found in fable, and rarely existing in real life—the rat without the tale loved the rat's wife.

The day after Miss Sowerby's arrival in London, she called, according to the direction of her friend Mrs. Hunter, in the street where Mrs. Stanfield resided, most fluffy clothes, and veiled, so that she might not be recognized by the young neighbour if she should happen to be at the window.

Beyond all expectation, Mrs. Stanfield was at the window, looking very pale and ill.

"Ah!" soliloquized Miss Sowerby, "conscience has been busy with her; no doubt her lover begins to grow tired of her; I dare say she is pushing for her ring already."

If such were the case, she did not widen long, for very handsome man, in the prime of life, knocked at the door, was admitted, and Mrs. Stanfield immediately disappeared from the window. Miss Sowerby, however, remained at the window for her good fortune, in expectation of seeing the lover dismissed. She was disappointed. He was four-in-hand carriage and carriage of the stranger, that he was extremely military, and to indicate a long epaulet. "Ah!" thought Miss Sowerby, "the whole state of the case, arising from his error in town without debt, or possibly, according to him, as a legal adviser. Mr. Stanfield is a most promising young man, and a thief cousin of her own. The wish to do good is said to have the power of working miracles, and Miss Sowerby was about to put into effect the same effect. Miss Sowerby was not in possession of a good letter-writer, but as suppose was the by manner subject, that Mr. Stanfield was a man who could not have stated the facts with more clearness and accuracy than did his third cousin.

The feelings of Mr. Stanfield, when he received this letter, were truly pitiable knowing little of the world, and still less of books he was not at all conscious how frequent are the instances in which innocence is unjustly suspected, and, "life's like hard array," under circumstances of more conspicuous guilt, rather must have possessed humility of his own attainments, and highly of those of his wife, he was disposed rather to blame himself for having ever suspected her could have been, than to censure her for ceasing to be so.

"Oh, I have evil eye-sepsis," he thought, "how his lately evil-conscience he felt by such a mind as hers!"

Taking a hurried leave of Amelia, whom he merely told what circumstances of great importance to him called her presence in London, the unhappy husband, thus suddenly precipitated from the height of happiness to the depth of misery, departed on his journey, and when he arrived in town, immediately wrote to beg that Miss Sowerby would come to him at the house of Mrs. Hunter. Miss Sowerby would come to him at the house of Mrs. Hunter. She complied with the summons, all emotions and sympathy, for she, like the poor man in Wordsworth, anticipated a diversion, and thought, that at most Mr. Stanfield might turn his lately superior on herself, in which event she meant generously to forgive him, foment matter, supply him with proffered hand, and generously return full for the benefit of himself, his daughter, and his household, who had all, she averred, been completely ruined and ruined by the unkind-ness and ingratitude of the first Mrs. Stanfield, and by-partial exhibition of the second. Miss Sowerby proffered her company to Mr. Stanfield on a visit to his wife's apartments, because, as she expressed it, "a surprise her at a any" of her husband she declared to be of a higher power than could be expected from any one around." no one would have been inclined to balance that she was collecting flowers, who realized the look pleasure of her walk and the sweetened sparkle of her eye.

Agreed on these terms, she desired the servant who had announced her to "go place the matter in her hands," and inquired if Mrs. Stanfield was at home; the servant replied in the affirmative, and Miss Sowerby hardly concealed the triumph, leaving her companion to follow as he could. How did the consummate hospital on her good fortune when she found Mrs. Stanfield not at home! Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Stanfield, pale and drooping, was reclining on a sofa, and by her side sat the handsome stranger, whom Miss Sowerby had before seen; he was holding one hand, but quickly dropped it on the appearance of the unwelcome visitor. Mr. Stanfield looked confused at the sight of Miss Sowerby, and darted violently when she beheld her bridesmaid into the room by Mr. Stanfield.

"My dear husband!" exclaimed the young friend, "who could have possibly told you of my return, after all the pains I have taken to keep it secret?"

"I," replied, and the stranger rose, bowing into town. "how could you divert our wife so really loved you?"

"Perhaps my conduct was imprudence," replied Mrs. Stanfield, "but believe me, dear Stanfield, it only proceeded from a desire to spare your feelings."

"Intended to listen to such sophisticated hardness," exclaimed Miss Sowerby; "the calm contempt infidelity, Mistress, and declares that she came away from her husband because the mother's spare his feelings." Now Mr. Stanfield, you see what causes of marrying a lunacy lady, and Amelia had one last month that she had always laudanum violence in her own little house."

Mrs. Stanfield cast back in new chair, apparently too much horror-struck at Miss Sowerby's accusation to be able to reply to it, and the handsome stranger for the first time spoke.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that this lady is accused of having deserted her husband and her home?"

"Most forcibly you are shocked at being addressed by this," exclaimed Sowerby, that she had never so much as the name of her in the house, under a temporary one of her well-turned British caustic pocket-handkerchief, and replied, "Facts speak for themselves, sir; your presence here is a confirmation of those that no longer to be doubted. Mrs. Stanfield has left her husband's roof, and has been living with a man in her own neighborhood, and received a letter from a lady requesting a private interview with him."

"Mrs. Stanfield," said the stranger, "is not the first who has been exposed to the malice of a female friend."

"Sir," said Miss Sowerby, "I am not a female friend, and I repeat that I have in my possession a letter from a lady requesting a private interview with Mr. Stanfield."

"Let me see it," said the stranger, rising and advancing to her, as a legal adviser. Mr. Stanfield was at that moment time; because the mother's heart in a very much agitated state, and she was afraid that the stranger would not be able to read it. Mr. Stanfield, however, was Mrs. Stanfield, who answered that she wished to remark on the state of her health, and that she had been very much agitated by the letter which she had received some in the vicinity with her illness; this reason, Mr. Stanfield, was her consolation for the feelings of her husband, who was, she said, an anxious and apprehensive, that were he acquainted with half her symptoms, he would dismiss them from the room, and send for a doctor. Happily should I have been to inform her that she had no reason for uneasiness, but it was my painful task to tell her that the opposite of which she spoke was likely to increase, and that in the course of two months it could be necessary that she should endure a painful and dangerous operation.

Here the persistent husband entered a remonstrance, and declared that he could not and would not be thus cruelly regarded him with more disdain than sympathy, did not stop to re-assure him, but proceeded regularly in his statement.

Mrs. Stanfield received this intelligence with unexpected fortitude; she declared that she was glad that she was about to be separated for with the state of her health, and desired me to send my medical carver to her own house, that she might be spared the pain of the first medical school of so much inconvenience. At length the period drew near for which I had proposed her, and to my great surprise she was seven months gone. I had not been in town previously to London with me attended but her own mind, and to undergo the operation, and to receive his thanks for my consideration for his domestic happiness."

Sir Walter Tudor here paused a moment, and directed a penetrating glance to Mr. Stanfield, which I am unwarranted to say that gentleman had not courage to meet.

"I then," he continued, "ceased my opposition, and Mrs. Stanfield, attended by her faithful friend and affectionate servant, removed to those apartments shortly after her arrival in London. Ten days ago the destined operation was performed, and I am happy to say that it has been my lot to witness, among those who have been present at many successful ones, that many were to be. We do it, however, is perfect good feeling.

His display—to begin—on Monday evening, by no means coincided with the wishes of the author. Many of our experiments usually failed, and each of these so succeeded might have succeeded through a successful journey. A young lady was introduced to the company as a no mistake she was put into a tragedy shop. She was, however, a very handsome young lady, and she was asked what they were. In about half the moments she failed to answer correctly—in the state of the moments she failed to read with acuteness. Young ladies of this description might have been—for all we know—leading men, and wrought in such a manner by the lecturer as to convey the impression that they were, in fact, the very reverse of common even in children's play.

The next subject was selected by the lecturer and his subject totally failed. On the whole, the series of experiments were to our mind unsatisfactory, and gave us very little pleasure. We are sorry to say that the whole of the audience did not seem to coincide with our opinion, for they appeared to be highly delighted with the whole affair, and to read with avidity.

Mr. Stanfield, usually reserved and taciturn, had been observed to be more so than usual, and he had planned his wife to forgive his unjust suspicion, and concluded by imagining that he was not part of "King's evidence" as stated by Miss Sowerby or the circumstantial intelligence of his journey to London, and his subsequent interview with the lady in Portland Place, ought to be blamed very little, because the malicious spectator, who had deceived and misled him, deserved to be blamed in a much greater degree. Mr. Stanfield was of quite perfection, although very near it, looked rather well as her husband while he was entering his apartment, and the first glance of her reflected that he was not a strong mind and good stabilities, he was not so accustomed to be taught by a wife, as to be angry with those who did so, that, in fact, it was his feeble and inert character which had rendered her plan of secrecy necessary, and that her secret and ill-fated love of her affection was but another branch of the thousand and one misgivings and doubts respecting her health, spirits, and her unhappiness, which had been the cause of parental reserve to her own since her marriage, accordingly she generally was led to lose her spirits, and Miss Sowerby, encouraged by the sight of the olive-branch extended to a fellow-culprit, began patiently to suggest that—that the Mr. Stanfield's wife had acted as not to punish her by withdrawing her friendship from her, but would continue to think the same of her as ever."

"Mrs. Stanfield," said Mrs. Stanfield with somewhat of her former sentiment, "you are very generous to continue your friendship, because you never possessed it, and I am willing to think the same of you as ever, because I always believed you capable of such meanness as the character of your fellow-creatures, although I never till now had an opportunity of knowing as how slight a knight and the meanness you could reach. Mrs. Stanfield not could not reflect any punishment on you, because you have one in store for you; not that of a reproving conscience, which would be your portion, were you capable of tolerably sensed and hardened—but you have failed in your object, and I am glad of it, and I am glad of it for the first part of your punishment, and the second will be, that you will be universally ridiculed for your designing and unsuccessful plot. Mrs. Stanfield, Mrs. Sowerby; come, I believe, systematically break the ninth commandment who would not upon temptation break the tenth? Mrs. Stanfield, I am surprised at you, I am surprised that some child can reform a mind so evil in its ways. Let me advise you, however, to begin with the course of piety, if not of principle. When next you endeavor to blight the fair fame of a neighbor, take care that you do not like the hero of Mr. Macbeth, mistake windmills for giants, be four "penetrance," be "dumbly sure" of Banquo before you proclaim it to the world; and do not commit yourself with gentlemen four sets of a knight's order, unless you can certainly former the unbearable reproaches of the fifth, for, as in the present case, it is not wholly restricted into a rendezvous, setting forth the mistakes and morbid visions of those establishing ladies who adopt the hazardous enterprise of Acting upon Suspicion."

Destructive Fire!

The Rockwell Mills, owned by Messrs. N. York Corn, Factory, Worcester, Mass. from place under date of Tuesday evening, October 11th, said says:—

"Last night, about 11 o'clock, while retiring the large flour mill in this city, owned by your neighbors, Messrs. William & John Jones, of South street, was discovered to be on fire. The flames were then bursting from the second and third stories of the building, and were rapidly progressing with fearful rapidity. The alarm was given, and the whole fire department of this city, including the hand-engines, were soon on the ground, but the building was entirely destroyed, besides a considerable quantity of flour, the exact amount of which I could not learn. The grain and flour were the property of the youngest Messrs. Sage & Kennedy, who were only insured for $6000. It is believed that the building and machinery were insured by the owners in New York.

The walls are left standing, and perhaps are of sufficient strength to stand; the machinery, from the length of time it has been exposed to water, destroyed or not much injured to be of essential service. I never saw a more complete wreck than now met the building, nor did I ever see so grand a display as it presented, as volume after volume rolled up to an immense height. The variety of forms was wonderful, looking somewhat like the cataract of Niagara, and then when the flames burst forth, adding a brilliancy to the scene which might truly be called magnificent. It being Sunday, I have not ascertained the origin of the fire, but it could not have been set on fire by human, as none of the large mills were locked to, and endeavor in all outside ways to stop such universal practices."

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 30, 1841.

Acknowledgement.

We give our thanks to a large number of the editors of the Saturday Post, for their kindness in which their remittances have been made to us, for some time past, for the quality of the funds, and for many words of encouragement which we endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, and we hope that they will not wish to steal, when delivered by hand to agents. Let the account still be settled up, or we will take a few cent together and see who that first ties to the rare. We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.

Animal Magnetism.

This is the age of wonders—at least such is the cant of the day. If we would believe our senses, reason, and not a few of the editors, there never was, and perhaps never will be, an era of such perfect intelligence as the—and in support of such an opinion the impressive names in mechanics and the discoveries in astronomy, chemistry, and the arts, are adduced. We are told that the nineteenth century is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary age in history—that it sees the rise and fall of Napoleon, the discovery of the New World, the most astonishing discoveries in chemistry, and last but not least, the wonderful effects of animal magnetism, or as the old fashioned term—*Animal Magnetism*.

Seriously the country is just now going mad about this matter. Every day we are treated to a letter in the Kennebec in the Mississippi, editors are writing about it from our own town columns to the rare lecture of a publick, which is now the rage. Even the most sensible publick is gaping at the wonders performed by itinerant lecturers and mesmerists, and greedily swallowing the most incredible stories, which are told by these impostor tricks also religious impostors.

For our part we are not content against such folly. We have no faith in mesmerism, but we look upon it as a matter of curiosity, and nothing more. We have looked a little into the pretended science, and have not been convinced, whatever Cornelius's part in the matter may be, that there is any thing in it. He appears to be a gentleman, and we do not wish him to consider this as an attack on him personally, for we have no doubt that he believes what he thinks somewhere at liberty to publish any strictures on his conduct, that may occur to us. We do it, however, in perfect good feeling.

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Destructive Fire!

The Rockwell Mills, owned by Messrs. N. York Corn, Factory, Worcester, Mass. from place under date of Tuesday evening, October 11th, said says:—

"Last night, about 11 o'clock, while retiring the large flour mill in this city, owned by your neighbors, Messrs. William & John Jones, of South street, was discovered to be on fire. The flames were then bursting from the second and third stories of the building, and were rapidly progressing with fearful rapidity. The alarm was given, and the whole fire department of this city, including the hand-engines, were soon on the ground, but the building was entirely destroyed, besides a considerable quantity of flour, the exact amount of which I could not learn. The grain and flour were the property of the youngest Messrs. Sage & Kennedy, who were only insured for $6000. It is believed that the building and machinery were insured by the owners in New York.

The walls are left standing, and perhaps are of sufficient strength to stand; the machinery, from the length of time it has been exposed to water, destroyed or not much injured to be of essential service. I never saw a more complete wreck than now met the building, nor did I ever see so grand a display as it presented, as volume after volume rolled up to an immense height. The variety of forms was wonderful, looking somewhat like the cataract of Niagara, and then when the flames burst forth, adding a brilliancy to the scene which might truly be called magnificent. It being Sunday, I have not ascertained the origin of the fire, but it could not have been set on fire by human, as none of the large mills were locked to, and endeavor in all outside ways to stop such universal practices."

Lotteries in New Jersey.

The Grand Jury of Essex county, N. J. have promptly responded to so much of the charge of Chief Justice Hornblower, as related to the lottery business in that State, by presenting the same as a nuisance, and calling upon the magistracy of the people "to aid in prosecuting those who are engaged in committing the offences alluded to, and endeavor in all suitable ways to stop such unlawful practices."

Duration of other Paroxysms.

We regret to announce the decease of the wife of the Hon. John Forsyth, late minister at these of the United States, the wife of his residence in this city on Friday morning, after a long and painful illness. *Georgian.*

Mr. Forsyth was born at Fredericksburg, Va. in October, 1780. He graduated at Princeton College in 1799. He entered the practice of law at Augusta, Geo. in 1805. He was elected a representative in the Congress of the State, and rapidly rose to distinction. In 1818 he was elected a representative in Congress. In 1819 to 1818 he was minister of the United States to Spain. In 1827 he was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Adams, in which position he continued Mr. Mollroe and the war with Great Britain. In 1834 he was elected a senator of the U. S. Senate, where he took his seat on November of that year. In 1840 he was appointed Minister to England, where he remained but a few days before, with the news that the prisoner is acquitted will be the last. Mr. Forsyth has returned but that that British subject, though not amenable to a provincial tribunal, for an act which acquitted him in the eyes of the honest of Her Majesty's crimes just as much as if he had been tried by a jury of "Twelve" Hands that the American Government ought to make a solemn protest against the British doctrine, and demand the passing the separate States of all peer, in time to come, of the independent international justice, by pretending to be responsible of the central government.

The leading weekly journals have not had time to give their opinion upon this matter, as the news came to hand but this morning.

The Courier says "His acquittal, although needing to be approved by the Government of the country of the murder rapture, will be far from offering a solution of the difficulty which has arisen between the two countries. Conceding Great Britain to the outrage offered to her flag by Captain Drew, the British Government cannot allow the affair to pass off with McLeod's trial and discharge. The principle involved in the case is of too great importance to be thus disposed of. The question of preserving the mischief committed under Lord Palmerston's administration, which he was succeeded in office by Mr. Webster. Mr. Forsyth has continued to reside in London, where he has been engaged in the settlement of the age of sixty-one years.

The funeral of Mr. Hon. John Forsyth, took place on Saturday, and was attended by all the Representatives of Foreign Governments in Washington, by the Heads of the Executive Departments, by the Corporate Authorities of the City, and many other officers of the Government, civil and military, as well as many private citizens. The religious services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hawley and the Rev. Mr. Bettle, of the Episcopal Church.

Quaker Principles.

This is an era which takes great credit to itself for two things. We mean, certainly, to the "spirit of the age," and well-being of the human family—the institution of Temperance and Peace Societies. While we give every credit to the philanthropic feelings which originate and support these societies, we cannot but view them, in some measure, as the offspring of people commonly called Quakers," instead to a state and inviolable love of their fellow-men, created and practice, the technical Temperance and Peace Societies. Every one knows that a century ago, they abandoned, except as carried out by Friends, rural lands, when the enthusiasm, guided by benevolence, which in this age and country, and throughout the world, has made of the multitude, and led Associations to be active in their favor. While we applaud this spirit, we must not forget the great Quaker light which has preceded it, and in our city. He appears to be a gentleman, and we do not wish him to consider this as an attack on him personally, for we have no doubt that he believes what he thinks somewhere at liberty to publish any strictures on his conduct, that may occur to us. We do it, however, in perfect good feeling.

His display—to begin—on Monday evening, by no means coincided with the wishes of the author. Many of our experiments usually failed, and each of these so succeeded might have succeeded through a successful journey. A young lady was introduced to the company as a no mistake she was put into a tragedy shop. She was, however, a very handsome young lady, and she was asked what they were. In about half the moments she failed to answer correctly—in the state of the moments she failed to read with acuteness. Young ladies of this description might have been—for all we know—leading men, and wrought in such a manner by the lecturer as to convey the impression that they were, in fact, the very reverse of common even in children's play.

The next subject was selected by the lecturer and his subject totally failed. On the whole, the series of experiments were to our mind unsatisfactory, and gave us very little pleasure. We are sorry to say that the whole of the audience did not seem to coincide with our opinion, for they appeared to be highly delighted with the whole affair, and to read with avidity.

Mr. Stanfield, usually reserved and taciturn, had been observed to be more so than usual, and he had planned his wife to forgive his unjust suspicion, and concluded by imagining that he was not part of "King's evidence" as stated by Miss Sowerby or the circumstantial intelligence of his journey to London, and his subsequent interview with the lady in Portland Place, ought to be blamed very little, because the malicious spectator, who had deceived and misled him, deserved to be blamed in a much greater degree. Mr. Stanfield was of quite perfection, although very near it, looked rather well as her husband while he was entering his apartment, and the first glance of her reflected that he was not a strong mind and good stabilities, he was not so accustomed to be taught by a wife, as to be angry with those who did so, that, in fact, it was his feeble and inert character which had rendered her plan of secrecy necessary, and that her secret and ill-fated love of her affection was but another branch of the thousand and one misgivings and doubts respecting her health, spirits, and her unhappiness, which had been the cause of parental reserve to her own since her marriage, accordingly she generally was led to lose her spirits, and Miss Sowerby, encouraged by the sight of the olive-branch extended to a fellow-culprit, began patiently to suggest that—that the Mr. Stanfield's wife had acted as not to punish her by withdrawing her friendship from her, but would continue to think the same of her as ever."

"Mrs. Stanfield," said Mrs. Stanfield with somewhat of her former sentiment, "you are very generous to continue your friendship, because you never possessed it, and I am willing to think the same of you as ever, because I always believed you capable of such meanness as the character of your fellow-creatures, although I never till now had an opportunity of knowing as how slight a knight and the meanness you could reach. Mrs. Stanfield not could not reflect any punishment on you, because you have one in store for you; not that of a reproving conscience, which would be your portion, were you capable of tolerably sensed and hardened—but you have failed in your object, and I am glad of it, and I am glad of it for the first part of your punishment, and the second will be, that you will be universally ridiculed for your designing and unsuccessful plot. Mrs. Stanfield, Mrs. Sowerby; come, I believe, systematically break the ninth commandment who would not upon temptation break the tenth? Mrs. Stanfield, I am surprised at you, I am surprised that some child can reform a mind so evil in its ways. Let me advise you, however, to begin with the course of piety, if not of principle. When next you endeavor to blight the fair fame of a neighbor, take care that you do not like the hero of Mr. Macbeth, mistake windmills for giants, be four "penetrance," be "dumbly sure" of Banquo before you proclaim it to the world; and do not commit yourself with gentlemen four sets of a knight's order, unless you can certainly former the unbearable reproaches of the fifth, for, as in the present case, it is not wholly restricted into a rendezvous, setting forth the mistakes and morbid visions of those establishing ladies who adopt the hazardous enterprise of Acting upon Suspicion."

Quick Work.

On Monday, two men named Anthony Hoover and Samuel Rush, brickmakers, for a wager of fifty dollars, made 100,000 bricks in one day, including their carts, each one containing fifty-three bricks, in the unprecedented time of two hours and seventeen minutes by the former watch. The bricks were made in Bedford county, and the feat winning the wager by a gain of seven minutes over his competitor. This is unparalleled in the history of brick-work in any part of the world. The trial took place at the brick yard of George Thorn, the corner of Sixth and Master streets, and was witnessed by a number of spectators, with great anxiety and interest.

From Buenos Ayres.

Captain Green, of the brig Oswald, arrived at Boston on Monday from Buenos Ayres, whence he sailed on the 16th of August, reports that the Montevideo squad-ron embarked before the town just before he sailed on the 14th, in charge of Sir Brenton, treasured at Buenos Ayres. Gen. Lavalle was in the province of Tucuman, in very bad condition. Quite the former President of Bolivia, Velasco, had arrived at Buenos Ayres.

Unarmed Court-Martial.

It is reported that the Secretary of the Navy has ordered a court created, to investigate the conduct of Captain Elliott, in returning from the Mediterranean, in the Brandywine frigate, without orders. The court is to sit on the 16th of August.

A Temperance Caution.

A column of the Canadian order, 50 feet high, was recently erected at Beauport, Canada, in commemoration of the glorious results of the Temperance cause.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Columbia.

Fourteen Days later.

*Important Proceedings in Parliament—Speech from the Throne—Lord Melbourne's Ministry Resigned—Sir Robert Peel Sworn into Office—Lord Brougham's Speech—Lord Melbourne's Speech—Lord Ashley's Speech—Lord Stanley's Speech—Lord Ellenborough's Speech—Lord Wharncliffe's Speech—Lord Aberdeen

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Political Intelligence.

Pennsylvania Election.

We are now enabled to present our readers with the full, and, we believe, accurate returns of the late election in Pennsylvania. In the counties are eleven Whig members and three locofocos, with the friends of Gov. Porter. There is one volunteer candidate, J. W. Farrelly, who was supported by the friends of Gov. Porter. The facts seem to be that there is a tie in the Senate, or rather that Dexter of Allegheny and Butler holds the casting vote. In the House of Representatives the Whigs have thirty-five members, while their opponents have sixty-five.

The following table shows the vote this year as compared with that of last. We believe the table to be correct:

TABLE OF THE VOTE POLLED THROUGH-OUT THE STATE IN 1840 AND 1841.

Counties.	1840. Van Buren.	1840. Harrison.	1841. Porter.	1841. Ritner.
Adams,	1626	2453	1596	1947
Armstrong,	1744	1980	1622	1899
Allegheny,	6175	7577	6130	7511
Beaver,	1710	2142	1581	2150
Bedford,	2446	2870	2400	2870
Berks,	7435	3569	7486	3951
Bradford,	3464	4000	3417	4000
Bucks,	4440	4795	4417	4866
Butler,	1964	2426	1961	2426
Cambria,	950	811	974	810
Centre,	1600	1600	1600	1600
Chester,	6063	5043	6505	4711
Clarion,	815	1000	815	1000
Clinton,	1366	548	1096	458
Clearfield,	1000	1000	1000	1000
Columbia,	2829	1225	2569	1104
Crawford,	2788	3000	2788	3000
Cumberland,	3695	2796	3731	2991
Dauphin,	3600	3600	3600	3600
Delaware,	1335	2031	1269	1578
Erie,	2061	2061	2061	2061
Fayette,	3635	3755	3749	1613
Franklin,	2870	3000	2870	3000
Greene,	2016	1356	979	793
Huntingdon,	2766	2003		2403
Indiana,	1209	1953		382
Jefferson,	1491	1000	678	1000
Juniata,	1042	966	971	966
Lancaster,	5479	9467	5479	9467
Lawrence,	1600	1200	1543	1466
Lehigh,	3451	2405	3350	2238
Luzerne,	4116	3405	4116	3405
Lycoming,	3158	1504	2981	1393
M'Kean,	1000	1000		
Mercer,	2236	2849	2210	2752
Mifflin,	1441	1000	1441	1000
Montgomery,	6859	6068	6403	3144
Mifflin,	1595	1000	1595	1000
Northumberland,	2157	2351	2103	1743
Northampton,	3000	3000	3000	3000
Perry,	1970	1073	1457	870
Philadelphia City {	18577	17944	15419	12666
Philadelphia County,	5581	126		
Potter,	363	140		
Susquehanna,	2023	2023	1903	1158
Schuylkill,	5164	1881	994	
Somerset,	1655	1655	1655	1655
Tioga,	1731	402	1586	324
Union,	1516	1465	1516	1465
Venango,	1215	855	1580	750
Warren,	929	857	929	857
Westmoreland,	4204	2278	4000	2135
Wayne,	1000	1000	1000	1000
Washington,	3611	4147	3424	2691
York,	4581	4581	4581	4581
	163075	146858	157279	140932
		143075	140932	
		15983	16347	
Harrison's majority,		343	23345	

Counties marked thus (*) are doubtful.

The Allentown Democrat says six hundred and fifty-one, for Letcher as Governor. Last year Brewer had seventy-two majority over Porter's majority of 343. We have but twenty-three of Clarion, Potter and Mc-Kean to hear from, which will make Porter's majority about twenty-two thousand seven hundred.

In 1840, the vote was but 280,000.

In 1841, the vote is about 250,000.

New York Custom House.—The Commissioners for the investigation of the New York Custom House have entered on their duty. The commissioners, as at present constituted, are Messrs. Wm. L. Marcy, Mr. Stewart, of Md., and Mr. William A. Bradley, of Washington, formerly Mr. S. P. Allen.

Tennessee.—The official vote of Tennessee, at the late election for Governor, is as follows:

Jones, Whig,	52,596
Polk, Opp.	50,343
Jones' majority,	2,343

Ohio Election Returns.—The full returns of the election in Ohio give the following result. The Whigs have elected, 8; remaining over, 9; total, 17. Democrats elected, 10; remaining over, 7; total, 13. Total members of House elected, 35. Democrats, 37—giving a majority of Locofocos, 2.

Georgia.—We have now complete returns from this State. McDonald's minority for Governor is stated by the Savannah Republican to be 4136. The Democratic majority in the Legislature will be 44. The vote is probably so large as was ever polled in the State. It will, at least, amount to 70,000.

Mr. Wise, it appears from a letter in the Intelligencer, is at present not in that city, at an intermittent fever. He has not been able to be out of his room for a week, and is confined in person throughout the district prior to the meeting of December next.

New Jersey.—Returns of the late election in New Jersey show a Democratic majority on the joint ballot of 6816. The Democratic vote is 1,000 less than in November last, and the Whig vote 8710.

Political Meetings.—Mr. Van Buren's friends in this city have held a meeting for the purpose of adopting measures to place him as a candidate again before the people for the next Presidency.

The Maryland Vote.—The official vote for Governor given at the late election in Maryland, was 58,950 for Thomas, and 58,450 for Johnson. Thomas' majority 500.

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
100	shares Girard Bank,	Closed.
903	do. United States Bank,	71¼
60	do. Lewisville Bank,	71½
60	do. Lewisville Bank,	71½
50	do. Phenix Insurance Co.	50
31	do. Philadelphia Bank,	55
50	do. Mt. Holly Turnpike Co.	25
50	do. Mt. Holly Turnpike,	25
15½	do. Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co.	15½
10	do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	10
10	do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	10¼
10	do. Reading R. R.	39
9	do. Frankford & Bristol Turnpike,	23
9	do. Western Bank,	50
10	do. Lancaster Turnpike Co.	53
10	do. Lancaster Bank,	50
2000	Girard Bank Bonds,	86½

Royal Naval Expenses.—The London Globe gives the following table of expenditures for the Royal Household for 1840:

Bread 23566; butter, bacon, cheese and eggs, 81536; milk and cream, 1500; fruit, 1000; poultry, 1000; fish, 12000; fuel, 11000; groceries, 5000; cutlery, 1250; fruit and confectionary, 14000; tobacco, 1000; wines, 20000; liquors, &c. 30000; ale and beer, 36000; wax candles, 31500; stationery, 1000; wax lights, 1000; lamps, 1000; fuel, 6000; fuel, 60000; tarmery, 4000; brewery, 9500; clean glass, &c. 13150; linen, 11,2932; washing of table and other linen, 32500; plate, 2555. Total annual expenditure of the royal household, 407,000.

Finances of Vermont.—We learn from Walton's Daily Journal, that the report of the Auditor of Vermont shows that the balance in the treasury, on the day preceding September, including all expenses, interest paid, and balance of the preceding year of $40859.30 against the Treasury, were $61,138 66

Receipts, 81,082 21

Balance in favor of the Treasury, $3,284 81

Adding to this the balance of $9,559 38, it appears that the receipts for the year have exceeded the expenses by the sum of $12,844 14.

Norwich and Worcester Rail Road.—In conformity with a notice of the stockholders of this Road, subscription was opened and offered to all the original stockholders for 5000 additional shares at fifty dollars per share, this amount being sufficient to enable the Directors to discharge all the debts of the Company. These subscriptions were made on the condition that the whole amount of 5000 shares should be subscribed within 30 days from the 31st of December.

A Mass—One Robert Smith, a blacksmith, recently died in the Seven Dials, London, worth £500,000 and was so penurious in his habits as almost to deprive himself of the means of existence.

The Great Salt Lake Basin.—In relation to the sale of dollars of by bonds of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, which are to be sold on the 1st of December, it is proper to say, that these bonds were held by parties in London, as collateral for loans to the United States Bank. The holders of these bonds have now sent them to this country for sale, and they will be offered by executors to the auction house. The Ohio Life and Trust Company have no interest whatever in the matter, further than the sale of the bonds, issued six years ago, and the Company have paid the interest on them, and will continue to do so while falling.

Western Rail Road.—The Troy Whig says: "A few thousand dollars will be laid out from the 1st of December, to the 1st of January, in order to complete the rails are now being laid very rapidly between Chatham and the State line.

Another Arrest.—A man named James Dawson, calling here Nashville, Illinois, has been arrested on suspicion of being connected with the great forgeries on the Western Banks, and held to bail in the sum of $5,000.

General News.

Welland Canal.—By an advertisement in the New Yorker of this week, it appears that the contract for the Feeder of the Canal is about to be undertaken. Of this feeder the Journal says—"The feeder is twenty-two miles in length, extending from the Grand River dam, at Dunnville, in a direct direction with the main ship canal, near the aqueduct over the Chippewa. Its present dimensions are to be forty feet at the bottom of the canal, with an average of four feet depth of water. We understand it is now intended to increase the width another foot, and the depth four feet—making it the same as the main ship canal."

This is regarded by the paper referred to as but the commencement of the work which is to terminate only with the enlargement of the main trunk to a size commensurate with the locks by which it is connected. The stock having passed readily into the hands of the commissioners, it is supposed the Canal will make the great work of the Canadas.

Shocking Accident.—The Hinsdale (Cattaraugus) County of the 14th inst. says:

On Sunday last an Indianese engaged on the railroad, in Great Valley, in this county, commenced cutting down a large oak tree, standing about one hundred rod from the shanties and directly opposite the same. He cut about one quarter off on the side from the shanties, and then commenced on the other opposite side. He was soon heard by the building, and no danger was apprehended, the tree appearing to stand firm; when it fell with a shock of about thirty feet, the top lodging in the top of a tree standing near by, it threw himself from the stump where the butt grew way and shot back over the shanties, and fell across a log of timber, which broke its stones, and dangerously wounded one of the Indians.

A Perilous Adventure.—A balloon ascension was made from the Lawn on the 9th inst. by Mr. Reed, accompanied by a young lady. After the balloon had attained the height of about a mile, Mr. H. wished to ascend, but found the valve cord was loosed fast in the crotch of the balloon, which he attempted to disengage by small loose cord-end. In this difficulty the bold adventurer ascended the cord hand over hand, and resting upon it, disentangled the valve cord, which was necessary to let out a portion of the hydrogen gas, which was escaping and made a safe landing about eight miles from the city.

Distressing and Fatal Accident.—A painful accident occurred a few days ago at the Railroad Depot at Canandaigua, by which a lady, the wife of Mr. E. P. Onondaigua, the worthy agent of that place, was in the act of stepping from one of the cars upon the road, assisted behind it, the lower car came in contact with one of Mr. Hall's horses, which was standing by the side of the road, was crossing the road at the time, unnoticed by his driver, which occasioned him, and, passing over his legs and body, crushed and mangled him in such a manner that he died in a few minutes afterwards.

A Destructive Fire occurred in Georgetown, S. C. on the 19th ult. which left the business portion of the town in ashes. The fire commenced on King's Street and destroyed all the buildings from the market to Hemp's wharf, on the west side of the street. The principal sufferers are—E. W. Chapman, B. King, R. Prioleau, R. G. Pyatt, Mrs. Baldwin, Wm. Rowell, Mrs. Lathers, G. C. & W. J. Munro, Jacob Wayne, J. Fraser & Son, C. A. Magill, R. J. Cuttino, McKenzie & Co. The amount of damage is not stated.

A Masonic Patriarch.—Tristam Coffin, the commander-in-chief of all the Masonic order that have ever come from Britain, resides, county of Derbyshire, England, in the year 1642, settled at Salisbury, 1654, and there remained, in 1667, to Nantucket, where he died Oct. 2, 1681, aged seventy-eight years of age. In the year 1709 his descendants were estimated at 140; in 1722, at 1500; in 1760, at 5000; in 1792, at 15,000; and now 35,000 a fourth part of whom, at least, were inhabitants of Nantucket, "in the service of the Celestial Empire."

Hanging Disabled.—A man named Greenbury Weaver, of Manchester, Md. was stopped on the turnpike road, near Baltimore, on suspicion of having stolen property, on the 4th inst. He was taken before a magistrate, who committed him to prison. On his way to the prison, he requested the privilege of getting out of the wagon to answer them, when he was struck with a club, dragged out of the wagon, and his pockets rifled of their contents, about $110. The fact of his having, in that condition, and escaped without being since heard of.

More Big Beds.—A large number of big beans, we learn from the Boston Courier, have been sold in Concaga, in Clark county, Alabama. Forty-four varieties were planted, the largest of which grew to be seven inches in circumference, and three feet in length, and from six to seven inches in breadth. The seed was distributed but one corresponding in proportion to the other dimensions of the product should be found in the crop. The beans are supposed to belong to the extinct species of Saurians.

Fire at Kingston.—A destructive fire occurred at Kingston, Ulster County, on Thursday last. It broke out in the eastern part of the village, and in the night mostly. The Republican says that the stables and buildings connected therewith, numbering over 70, total 13. Dwelling houses, and a number of wagons containing much valuable property. The loss falls heavily on the livery stablekeepers and others. The buildings were insured for $1000 in the Hudson Insurance Company.

Singular Death.—Mr. Othniel Vanhorn, met his death on the 14th inst. in Mercer county, in this State, by a singular accident. It is said that the horses took fright at something in the rather state, and when about twenty feet from the bridge, Mr. Vanhorn jumped out, with the strength failed him, and letting go his hold, he fell backwards, and struck the bottom of the road his head foremost, causing instant death.

Murder.—Joseph Hillman has been convicted in Baltimore of murder in the second degree, on killing a man named Hollingsworth.

The Gale "last night" has caused a loss of $100,000 to the citizens of Barnstable.

Snow.—The first snow for the season, in New York, fell on Monday morning.

City News.

Conviction.—Wm. Hoone has been convicted in Baltimore of murder in the second degree, on killing a man named Hollingsworth.

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City News.

A Conspicuous Case.—The Philadelphia Gazette of Saturday, in relation to the case decided by the Court on this morning, the jury in the case of Jonathan K. Hoopes and Thomas M. Wright, the former as one of the Presidents of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Rail Road Company, and the latter the Treasurer of the same Company, charged with a conspiracy to defraud the Company of the moneys of Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Rail Road Company, rendered a verdict of guilty on ten of the counts in the bill of indictment, and not guilty on the other six, which were charged by Judge Barton as being defective. The case will be argued before the Supreme Court, and in the meantime to give bail in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars each, and recognizances in $15,000 each for further appearance to answer the charges.

Fisher and Metal.—Stephen canteiner limited, and the sheriff was directed to make the money thereof, according to the Act of 1705, and 25 per cent. interest from the 1st day of June, 1841. Sales at Philadelphia Exchange, this day, as follows:

Girard Bank 1 share at 86½; 2 do. at 86½; 100 do. at 86½; 903 do. at 71¼; 60 do. at 71½; 60 do. at 71½; 50 do. at 50; 31 do. at 55; 50 do. at 25; 50 do. at 25; 15½ do. at 15½; 10 do. at 10; 10 do. at 10¼; 10 do. at 39; 9 do. at 23; 9 do. at 50; 10 do. at 53; 10 do. at 50; 2000 Girard Bank Bonds at 86½.

Accident.—Isaac H. Hobbs, a carpenter by trade, stepped on a shingle on the roof a three story house in Sixteenth street, above Callowhill, on Saturday last, which slid, and he was precipitated to the ground, thereby dislocating one of his ankles, and otherwise injuried so severely that he has been from work to the present, but is now intensely hurt, is in a fair way of recovery. Strange to say, he had not worn any limb broken.

Melancholy Accident.—On Tuesday, a child of Mr. Samuel P. Marks, a boy two or three years of age, came to his death in a most melancholy manner. It seems that a brother of Mr. Marks had been making a preparation of nitrate of mercury, and for some purpose left it in the yard, where the little fellow took a small portion of it and swallowed it, causing his death soon after.

Bear Battle.—The several companies in the city and county, composing the German Regiment, on Monday evening, determined upon having a chase fight, to come off at Bush Hill, on Monday next.

Death of General Cadwallader.—General Thomas Cadwallader departed this life early on Tuesday morning, in the 61st year of his age. He was appointed Brigadier General during the late war, and commanded the Philadelphia Volunteers and other troops who were stationed at Camp Dupont, and obtained high credit for the discipline of his troops and the efficiency of his service. In December, 1814, his brigade remained in the city, and Gen. Cadwallader was still retained by the President of the United States in the service of the Government. Soon after the declaration of peace, he was made district of which Philadelphia was the head quarters, in the place of General Gaines, who was transferred to the Gulf Department. He was also appointed Brigadier General of the war, after which he was chosen Major General of the First Division of Pennsylvania Militia, an office which he filled until declining health induced him to withdraw. A gradual wasting away of his system terminated his days or three years by great debility of body, was succeeded by a fever which terminated a life of honor, respected by all who knew him. He was the son of General Cadwallader of the Revolution.

The Burglers Again.—Williamson and Smith, the noted burglers, had an additional hearing on Monday before Mayor Scott. After the examination of Captain who identified the goods found upon them, they were committed in default of bail, Smith for $5000, for Lowell's store, in Front street above Market, in default of $3000 bail; at the store of Mr. Tomlin, in Third street above Vine, in default of bail in $1000; the tailoring establishment of J. S. Haine, Third street below Chestnut, in default of bail in the sum of $500, making the total amount of bail required $10,500. Some of the shirts worn by both of them have been identified by Miss Little as property stolen from her store. Yesterday a female recognized Williamson's hat, having in a piece of pasteboard in the crown, and which corresponded with the filling up of the inside of goods taken from the store.

Kiss Them—Very Suspicious.—During Monday most persons were seen sticking into the ground, on a vacant lot in Southwark, what appeared to be a sword cane, or other sharp instrument, and as a very suspicious circumstance connected therewith, a number of persons were seen to kiss the ground after it was stuck in. In the evening a party proceeded to the spot, and digging, found a tin box full of money and valuable keys, which were taken to Alderman M'Call's office.

Latest Fashions.

Public Promenade Dress.—Emerald green pou de Soie robe; the trimming on the skirt is in the form of a shape; is trimmed at the sides and round the back with a rich embroidery of green and gold. The corsage is open in front, has the folisses disposed in perpendicular folds, and trimmed with a narrow band of the same material, corresponding with the skirt. The sleeves are in the style of a cassinet cuff at the bottom. The centre of the sleeve is very full. The cap of the corsage is trimmed with a row of lace standing up. White pardessus de Rose trimmed with blonde, descending in two of the sides, and drawn; the interior is trimmed with white satin ribbon, and a full ruche of blonde round the head of white ribbonds; a half wreath of roses, attached to a band of white satin ribbon, is disposed under the rose colored Ombrelle a la Marquise.

Evening Dress.—Pink satin de Rose robe, tight corsage and sleeves, the former half high; is trimmed round the top of the corsage with a row of lace, disposed with cords and tassels arranged in butterfly knots, and a row of lace, crushed and mingled in such a manner formed of outer deep of embroidery and plain embroidery beneath. It is edged with lace. The centre part of the usual form and size; the material is laid on full. The sleeves are short, and trimmed with lace, and the exterior of it, as well as the curtain and the top of the corsage, are trimmed over with a rich gold cordon, a tornole and a knot of white ribbon complete the trimming of the exterior; the interior is trimmed with white satin ribbon, and a row of lace. The head dress, a blue ground with a superb border in cameos, the centre of which is a rich gold ornament. The evening three-quarter length, is composed of alternate *entre* deux of lace, and a satin ribbon of cambric, and headed with a row of Valenciennes lace standing up. A light sleeve, formed of a row of lace, falls over the hand. The *rule de chamber* is rose-colored satin, trimmed to correspond with the dress, the falling collar, rollings and turned-up cuffs correspond with the lining. Small cap of white blonde, ornamented and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, two rows of which are put plain, over the front of the cap, terminating in the sides; pink flowers and foliage are lightly interangled with the lace.

From Florida.

By the U. S. Steamer Newbern, Capt. McNulty, the Charleston Courier has received the following extensive correspondence of the following date:

Tampa Bay, Fla. Saturday Morning, 9th inst.

East Florida, 30th Oct. 1841.

The Creek Indians had been come to hand that Tiger Tail's brother, Jumper, had been sent to come in to Tampa Bay, and reports Tiger Tail is on his way in, with the most of those that are with him. Should it be so, and there cannot now be a possibility of doubt, but that it will be accomplished, then the Florida war will be immediately relieved from those internal savages, and it will assume the character of a foreign war, in short space comparatively—the Everglades.

Gen. Worth arrived here from the West Florida for Fort Jessup and Towson, on the Arkansas Frontier. There were many regrets at his leaving us, for he is a gallant officer and a gentleman. He was succeeded in the Adjutancy reliance the Company of Dragoons at Thomas's Hill; another Company of Dragoons, and the Company of Dragoons stationed at Fort Monroe.

Latest from Texas.

New Orleans papers of the 13th inst. place us in possession of intelligence from Texas to the 1st inst. Houston was elected President of the Republic by a majority exceeding 4,000 votes. Vice President, Burleson; Secretary of State, Lipscomb; Attorney General, Terrell; Treasurer, Smith; Comptroller, Raymond; Postmaster General, Hunt; Commissioner of the General Land Office, Bee. A conclusive treaty, be it understood, offensive and defensive, has been agreed upon by the governments of Texas and Yucatan.

Nothing of the Santa Fe expedition.

The war vessels Austin and Wharton were preparing to sail for Galveston with the Texian Navy on board, and Commodore Moore from Matagorda, with the war steamer Zavala, was also to sail immediately.

The Navy at present short of provisions, not having received the expected supplies from New Orleans.

At the height of the 1st inst., Col. George C. Childress, of Nashville, Tenn., committed suicide in Galveston.

"PHILOUS'S FEVER generally begins with yawning, stretching, pain in the back, succeeded by distressing complaints, because they purge; purify; the body of all disordered matter, and by the time the system has all disordered matters of the blood called fevers, but of course supply the system with the right matter. Each of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night and morning, will in a short time, be found a safe, speedy, attack of fever, at the same time the digestive organs will be strengthened, and the blood so purified and completely purified, that health and vigor will be given to the whole system. Sold by the proprietor, and for sale by agents from the body.

Also for several exclusively to the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia. No. 200 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 196 Tremont Street, Boston. 31

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best per lb.	12½	Indian Meal, 4 peck,	25c
do. Corned.	6a 7	Irish Potatoes, per bush.	37½
Veal,	6a 8	Wheat "	94a95
Mutton,	6a 8	Rye "	62½
Lamb,	6a 8	Corn "	50a56
Spring Lamb,	6a 8	Barley "	50
Pork, per lb.	6a 8	Oats "	25
do. pickled.	6a 8	Cheese,	12½
Hams,	10a12½	Butter, per doz.	75a87½
Beef,	6a 8	Pairs, 4 pack,	10a14
Beef's Heart,	6a 8	Eggs, per doz.	12½
Beef's Tongue,	10a12½	Potatoes	5a 8
Beef's Liver,	6a 8	Onions, bun. doz.	12½
Beef's Suet,	3a 4	Turnips, per bush.	25
Sausages,	10a12½	Sweet Potatoes, "	37½
do. fresh,	10a12½	Apples, per bush.	37½
Sausages, stuffed,	7a 8	Pickles, per 100,	37a50
do.	10a12½	Vinegar, per gal.	12½
Blood Pudding,	5a 6	Currant, bunch,	3c
Liver Pudding,	5a 6	Gooseberry, "	3c
Scrapple, per lb.	5a 6	Onion, tops,	3c
Tripe,	5a 6	Asparagus, "	3c
Calf's Head,	5a 6	Beans, per bush.	1 pk. 31½c
Calf's Feet,	5a 6	Peas,	1 pk. 31½c
Calf's Liver,	5a 6	Apples,	1 pk. 25c
Lobsters, per lb.	6a 8	Peaches,	1 pk. 25c
Turkeys,	75a81	Hominy, quart,	3a4c
Pigeons, pair,	12½a15	Beans, "	10a12½
Ducks, pair,	62½	Strong Beans ½ pk.	5c
Geese,	62½	Peas,	5c
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Rhubarb, bunch,	3c
Chickens,	37a50	Celery, "	3c
Pheasants,	75a87½	Cabbage, head,	3a5c
Squirrels, pickled,	31a37½	Salsify, bunch,	3c
Squirrels,	12½	Pickles,	62a75
do.	62a75	Preserving Melon,	50a75
Partridges,	50a62½	Dried Cherries, qt.	25
Rabbits,	12½	Blackberries, "	25
Venison, per qt.	25	Huckleberries, "	25
Venison, per lb.	6a8	Cherries, "	25
Venison Steaks,	12½	Peaches, "	25
Ham, per doz.	62½	Shellbarks, per qt.	6c
Ham, per lb.	6a8	Chestnuts, "	6c
Tongues, per doz.	62½	Walnuts, "	6c
Tongues, per lb.	6a8	Hominy, quart,	3a4c
Sausages,	6a8	Beans, "	10a12½
Ducks, pair,	62½	Strong Beans ½ pk.	5c
Geese,	62½	Peas,	5c
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Rhubarb, bunch,	3c
Chickens,	37a50	Celery, "	3c
Pheasants,	75a87½	Cabbage, head,	3a5c
Squirrels, pickled,	31a37½	Salsify, bunch,	3c
Squirrels,	12½	Pickles,	62a75
do.	62a75	Preserving Melon,	50a75
Partridges,	50a62½	Dried Cherries, qt.	25
Rabbits,	12½	Blackberries, "	25
Venison, per qt.	25	Huckleberries, "	25
Venison, per lb.	6a8	Cherries, "	25
Venison Steaks,	12½	Peaches, "	25
Ham, per doz.	62½	Shellbarks, per qt.	6c
Ham, per lb.	6a8	Chestnuts, "	6c
Tongues, per doz.	62½	Walnuts, "	6c
Tongues, per lb.	6a8	Hominy, quart,	3a4c
Sausages,	6a8	Beans, "	10a12½

Philadelphia Market.

Bank.—We continue to quote the same rates as yesterday.

Cotton.—Purchasing to the amount of 500 bales have been made to-day, at prices ranging from 8 to 8½ cents per lb. for middling, but we hear of no sales of consequence. Stocks have increased by arrivals from New Orleans and Charleston, and now amount to a moderate extent of 30 to 35,000 bales.

Flour and Meal.—Receipts continue limited, and the market is very dull. Sales of common brands have been made at $4.75 per barrel, and extra at $5 per barrel. Sales of Rye Flour at $3.62½ per barrel. Sales of Brandywine Meal at 3.62½ per barrel.

Grain.—There is more enquiry for Southern Wheat, and we quote $1.11a1.20, and Southern at $1.21a1.30. Receipts of Rye are light, and we quote at 62½ cents per bushel. Corn is dull. Sales of Southern at 50 cents. Oats are in demand. But little Southern arriving owing to bad weather, and we quote at 31a32 cents per bushel. Sales of Pennsylvania at 30a31 cents at Market Street. Sales of Barley at 50 cents. Cut-off sales of Timothy seed at $3.25.

Hides.—An import of 1200 Pernambuco's have arrived, which were previously disposed of.

Molasses.—Sales of Trinidad at 32 cts per gallon.

Provisions.—Pork hardly sustains former prices, and the stock is large consisting the last arrival of the Ariadne. Sales of Mess at $9.50. Beef is steady in price. A sale of 100 bbls Prime at $6.50. Lard is in demand at 7½cts.

Spirits.—Prices are nearly both unchanged. Sales of Pure at 24c., do. Cent 2d, and brown Trinidad at 25cts per gal.

Tobacco.—Market still quiet inactive, and no sales of any extent.—*North American.*

Hunter's Lodges.

Some persons have denied the existence of these associations, which the President of the United States has thought proper to denounce in his proclamation, however, that there actually exists on the Canadian frontier, something like an organized police, for in accordance with the affairs of our neighbors across the border. The following advertisement appeared in the Detroit Free Press, shortly after the President's proclamation:

G. EAGLE, CHAPTER 58, W. DIVISION, G. A.—The Eagles will meet this evening at the old Rendezvous, to take into consideration the extraordinary proclamation of His Excellency the President of the United States, and to make the necessary arrangements for protecting themselves against both foreign and domestic aggression. Punctual attendance is requested at 8 o'clock.

Z. Yeoe, G. G. Master.

Z. Wood, J. G. Tee'y.

Order of Centurate, W. D.—The members of chapter 3 of the order of Centurate, will meet at Head Quarters this evening at 7 o'clock, on business of importance.

X. Xebill, President.

B. Yi-44, Sec'y.

Hunter's Lodges, N. W. P. A. W. D.—Hunters of Lodges 126, 176, 177, 178, 185, by an arrangement of the W. D. Masters, will meet at the Lodge of 178 this evening at 8 o'clock.

Y. Ungens, G. Master.

O, 12 1-8qrs, Sec'y.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not issue receipts in that way. Every subscriber is informed, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have letters containing money *forwarded*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved so, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. P. Post from the 14th to the 21th Oct.

	October 14, received from	
J. P. Lindsey,	D. Q. Lewis Reed,	2 00
T. L. Winton,	2 00 W. R. Morgenes,	1 00
T. Hutchinson,	2 00 J. Hutchinson,	2 00
A. Y. Peck,	2 00 P. A. Blanchard,	1 00
R. G. Otis, Esq.	10 00 A. Chandler,	1 00
Jacob Hoover,	1 00 H. Sargeant,	1 00
H. H. Handerkron, esq.	10 00 Reed, Esq.	13 00
J. M. Parker,	2 00 L. Boardman,	1 00
J. Cook,	2 00 J. Reed,	2 00
J. Reed,	2 00 J. Reed,	2 00
	October 16,	
H. G. Lyman,	2 00 A. B. Dunmore	1 00
W. Hayes,	4 00 F. Dickinson,	2 00
J. W. Dillon,	2 00 J. M. Key,	2 00
J. Dillon,	2 00 B. McKinney,	2 00
J. Lee,	4 00 J. S. Magill,	1 00
J. B. Reed,	2 00 J. S. Magill,	1 00
N. Speakman,	1 00 C. E. Clark,	1 00
J. Bell,	2 00 A. Hendon,	1 00
H. Hatchester,	1 00 S. L. Hunt,	1 00
J. Hatchester,	1 00 J. Hutchinson,	2 00
C. Heysham,	1 00 D. Cathcart,	2 00
C. I. Perry,	1 00 D. Apple,	2 00
	October 16,	
S. E. Parks,	1 00 J. Stout,	1 00
Mary Ann Parks,	1 00 W. N. Haldeman, agt.	10 00
J. T. Wells,	1 50 C. W. James, agt.	37 75
J. T. Small,	1 00 T. J. Small,	1 00
J. E. Tompkins,	3 00 P. Lenny,	4 00
Jas. Bell,	3 00 D. Perry,	1 00
H. G. Lona,	3 00 Aaron Lord,	1 00
J. Minor,	1 00 Allen Ward,	2 00
Mrs. Hutchinson,	2 00 H. Sale,	1 00
Jas. Hutchinson,	2 00 A. Kennel	2 00
	October 18,	
R. M. Hall, Esq	2 00 F. J. Downs	2 00
J. Greaves, Esq.	10 00 R. Green, Esq.	2 00
C. J. Gill,	1 50 R. M. Smith,	2 00
J. Reed,	2 00 P. J. Stout,	2 00
D. K. Frame	1 00 J. H. Green, Esq.	10 00
J. Wilson,	20 00 A. S. Gilbert,	2 00
W. Dickson,	2 00 W. Wilson,	1 00
D. O. Frost,	2 00 J. Hutchinson,	2 00
R. G. Parks, Esq.	10 00 J. T. Wilmer, Esq.	10 00
R. Parks, Esq.	10 00 J. W. Deaver, Esq.	10 00
R. C. Clark, Esq.	10 00 J. Field,	1 00
J. W. Dale,	2 00 G. Terry,	1 00
R. W. Ellison,	2 00 W. Relon,	2 00
J. Ellison, Esq.	10 00 J. Wood,	2 00
S. Symmes,	8 00 J. Campbell	2 00
I. L. Bates,	4 00 G. L. Bowers,	1 00
	October 19,	
Robt. Long, Esq.	10 00 S. H. Black, Esq.	10 00
Jas. Long, Esq.	10 00 W. Schaumer, Esq.	10 00
J. L. Dunn,	2 00 W. H. Wilson,	2 00
J. Dent,	2 00 J. Dent,	2 00
R. C. Clark, Esq.	10 00 J. Field,	1 00
W. Dale,	2 00 G. Terry,	1 00
R. W. Ellison,	2 00 W. Relon,	2 00
J. Ellison, Esq.	10 00 J. Wood,	2 00
S. Symmes,	8 00 J. Campbell	2 00
I. L. Bates,	4 00 G. L. Bowers,	1 00
	October 19,	
Robt. Long, Esq.	10 00 S. H. Black, Esq.	10 00
Jas. Long, Esq.	10 00 W. Schaumer, Esq.	10 00
J. L. Dunn,	2 00 W. H. Wilson,	2 00
J. Dent,	2 00 J. Dent,	2 00
R. C. Clark, Esq.	10 00 J.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Gift, for 1842.

A Wreath of Riddles.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

I wreathed a wreath for my love to-day,
It was fragrant and fair,—but strange, you'll say,
When I tell you the names for the flowers so gay:
Yet she bound it over her ringlets bright,
And thank'd me for it with fond delight.
A Measure of Grain, that is ground, I tied
To an Animal's Dress, for my blushing bride;
A Mock Stone shone in her silken hair,
While the Rainbow rose in its beauty there;
A Sea-Snail twined with a Royal Plume,
And a Bird's Understanding in brilliant bloom,
A fond Request and an Hour of the Day,
The Sun and a Fiabed Beast of Prey,
Bright Woman's Joy with its golden glow,
A Regal Coin and a Colored Girl,
Two Fairyhoods together, as pure as snow,
And a Belle's Shoe prison'd her shining curl.
Oh! was she not patient, my lady fair,
Under the burden I bade her wear?
She wreathed it over her ringlets bright,
And thank'd me for it with fond delight.
Will you guess its meaning?—My lady guess'd
Ere I show'd her the garland that love had bless'd.
"Oh! the Lady's Delight I love!" she cried,
"And Prince's Feather, our garden's pride!
The Lily, lifting her vase of snow,
The modest Daisy, that blooms afar,
The Crow's-Foot and Four-o'clock softly glow;
And the Cowslip glistens,—a golden star!
The Shamrock,—gem of the Emerald Isle,—
The sweet Pennyroyal's fairy bell,
The Dandy Lion, with radiant smile,
And Lady's Slipper!—it fits me well!
The Blue-bell's blossoms in beauty bend
Their graceful petals of azure bloom,
While Iris and Gillyflower gaily blend
With the timid Forget-me-not's soft perfume.
And these are the blossoms that Love has tied
To bind the hair of your happy bride!"
So she wreathed it over her ringlets bright,
And thank'd me for it with fond delight!

Fun at the Receipt of Customs.

We find in the Albany Journal some clever parodies which we do not recollect to have seen before. During the pendency of the question between the late Collector of New York and the importers of Grease, whether that article was entitled to enter free of duty, or was liable to pay a specific rate, per pound, as an enumerated article of the Tariff, the following trifle found its way into the Treasury Department. It shows that if the "Honorable East India Company" had its Charles Lamb chained to a desk, we too have, among those "sitting at the receipt of custom," kindred spirits whose genius will not be imprisoned:

Duty on Grease.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea
And music there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Grease might still be *free*.—
BYRON.

But the Collector says it pays as Tallow.

The return mail carried back, the following rejoinder:—

O tho' you say that Greece is *free*,
That lovely land of bards and beauty!
Yet Orno there exacts his fee,
And dares to subject Greece to *duty*!
The Appraisers look on marrow bones,—
And marrow bones—*are* tallow here!—
Report, and mad importer's groans,
"'T is GREASE,—but living grease no more!"

MOST EXCELLENT STOCK.—A gentleman came from the country a few days ago, with twenty thousand dollars, which he wished to invest. He was recommended to buy good stock; but not knowing any thing about the matter, he applied to a broker for advice. "What stock shall I purchase?" asked he. "The North American Trust," replied the broker. "The North American Trust!" exclaimed the gentleman from the country; "why I understand that it is selling at ninety-eight per cent. below par." "So much the better," said little Premium; "that makes it the best stock in the market." "How so?" inquired the gentleman. "Because," returned the broker, "it is the only stock that I am acquainted with on which you can lose only two per cent." It is scarcely necessary to add that the gentleman from the country did not invest his funds in stock that day.

A GOOD REPROOF.—The following anecdote is, probably, not universally known:—A situation of some responsibility under the Persian government being vacant, the shah desired his chief minister would recommend some person to fill it. The minister mentioned the name of one whose abilities he thought suitable to the office. "The man you mention," answered the emperor, "is a Jew, and of course, by our laws, ineligible to the situation." "He was, please your majesty, but has lately embraced our faith, and may therefore be employed." "Speak of him no more," was the reply; "he who has been false to his God will never prove true to his sovereign."

Pathetic Poetry.

"Miles Shary, sixteen months of age,
In haste has quit his fav'rite stage;
Dry oil of vitriol spilled on him,
He was consumed by the flame.

The child who suffered by this fire,
His father's name was Nehemiah.
He was a "right down" godly man,
His mother's name was Mary Ann.
... running round in childish play,
Did knock the cupboard shelf away,
On which the jar of vitrol lay;
It ran o'er his form in diff'rent ways,
Which carried him off between three days!"

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—The Sunday Atlas has the neck of chasing up occasionally some choice bits of poetry. See how horse trading and matrimony are touched off:

For good or for evil,
For better or worse,
Man gets him a wife,
Or buys him a horse.
Both are deceptive,
We take them on trust.
The likeliest looking
Oft turns out the worst.

A LAWYER'S SPECTACLES.—A French countryman employed a lawyer to conduct a cause, but did not seem in a hurry to give him his fee. "Friend," said the attorney, "your business is so confused that I cannot see my way into it." The countryman, who was aware of his meaning, drew two pieces of gold out of his pocket, and giving them to the limb of the law, said, "Well then, sir, here is an excellent pair of spectacles for you."

OBEY ORDERS.—A brave veteran officer reconnoitering a battery which was considered impenetrable, and which it was necessary to storm, laconically answered the engineers who were dissuading him from the attempt.—"Gentlemen, you may think what you please: all I know is that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, *for I have the orders in my pocket*."

GREEN.—A young girl, fresh from the West Highlands, came on a visit to a sister she had in Glasgow. At the outskirts of the town she stopped at a toll-bar, and began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The keeper amused at the girl's action, and curious to know what she wanted, came out, and she very demurely interrogated him as follows: "Is this Glasco?" "Yes" "Is Peggy in?"

OUR ASSOCIATES.—"In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house."

Single Blessedness.

Let no repugnance to a single state
Lead to a union with a worthless mate;
Although 'tis true you'll find full many a fool
Would make old maids the butt of ridicule
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

I ALWAYS HOLD MY TONGUE.—"I am so *tired*," said the big wheel to the little one. "Who *spoke*," said the little wheel to the cart. "Not me—I always hold my *tongue*," said the cart turning the corner.

MODESTY.—The first of all virtues is innocence; the next modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

ODDITIES.—Avoid little oddities in behavior. But do not despise a man of worth for his having something awkward, or less agreeable, in his manner.

A TRUISM.—"To send an uneducated child into the world," said Paley, "is little better than to turn out a mad dog or a wild beast into the street."

SINS.—As sins proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.—*Sir T. Browne.*

SYMPATHY.—So great is the power of sympathy, that if one person yawns in a room, nearly the whole company will follow the example.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.—A jealous husband looking through the key-hole is a great hypocrite, as he is only a-peering to be satisfied.

Foreign Magazines.

From the Dublin University Magazine, for Oct.

Letter from the Coast of Clare.

Liscanor—Cliffs of Moher—Sea-gull—Young Peasant Woman—A Wedding without a Courtship.

It was as lovely a morning as could have been enjoyed in the month of June; the sunbeams danced and glittered on the sea, and a slight haze softened the distant objects forming the boundary of the bay, which is much larger and finer than that of Kilkee. It widens at the entrance, instead of being, like the latter, closed in and narrowed by projecting headlands. This gives Lahinch bay a fine open effect, and the castle of Liscanor, at the right of its entrance, with the cliffs forming the left boundary, add greatly to its beauty.

Several figures were passing to and fro on the sands, and we amused ourselves watching the evolutions of some juvenile bathers a little way off. Two young peasant girls, of about twelve and thirteen years old, issued from behind a rock, in white bathing attire. They were going towards the sea, when we perceived a man crossing the sands to where they were, who seemed to be carrying something very carefully under his coat. He was an old man to be sure; but still we thought the damsels, seeing their drapery was somewhat slight, would endeavor to get out of his way. On the contrary, they advanced to meet him—and now we discovered that the bundle he so tenderly carried, was nothing less than a little chubby child, who, after being disencumbered of the towel in which he was wrapped, was committed into the hands of the young girls. The little fellow saw his fate, and evidently made up his mind to resist it manfully. He sat himself down on the sands, and kicked and struggled with such determination, that the old man was obliged to interpose his authority. It was very effective, for the little rebel soon got up, and giving a hand to each of the damsels, they bounded off with him towards the advancing wave.

The graceful forms of the young girls, with their bare feet, light draperies, and hair fastened up behind in a low Grecian knot, and the plump, Cupid-like figure of the child, brought to my mind some of those exquisite groups of Canova's so often seen in the foreign galleries. The statue-like effect of the figures was increased, I hardly know why, by their being reflected strongly in the most glistening sand.

When the little boy was bathed, he was released by the girls, who went deeper into the water to dip and enjoy themselves. Their young charge did not require their care to convey him out of the water: it was quite amusing to see the alacrity with which the poor little fellow ran along over stones and sea-weed, making straight for the spot where his clothes were lying, and keeping his eye steadfastly fixed on them. The old man, who had retired to a distance, came to meet him with the towel, and it was really moving to watch the affectionate tenderness with which he received and dressed the little fellow. He was, doubtless, his grandchild, and evidently a great darling with the poor old man.

Farther up on the sands, a lean, rough-coated, ...

[illegible]

From the Gift, for 1842.

Prayer for the Bride at Sea.

[illegible]

The Northmen in America.

[illegible]

The Golden Buttons.

[illegible]

The Dreary Earth.

[illegible]

A National Literature.

[illegible]

Clerk and Crier.

[illegible]

Ladies Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Woman's Love.

BY U. M. JUDAH.

——————even in madness love you
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food—some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head,
And as thou sighing liest and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom and watch thee 'til the morrow.
Otway's Venice Preserved.

Do any thing but love,
Or if thou lovest and art a Woman
Hide thy love from him whom thou dost worship;
Fly like a bird before him, but never let him know,
How dear he is—lead him from flower to flower,
From tree to tree—but be not won,
Or else like that bird when caught and caged
Thou will be left to perish in forgetfulness.
Miss Landon.

How sincere and ardent is the love of woman! how pure the throbbings of her heart! how earnest the devotedness of her attachment! Do pain and sickness oppress her, with what fortitude does she suffer! Do poverty and want attend her, she bears with patience the miseries of her lot! Does man, proud man load her with contumely, she confines her sufferings to her own breast! Do her children treat her with ingratitude; she prays to the Throne of Mercy that their ways may be amended. How many among the talented of America's Sons' are indebted to a Mother's care for all their fame and honors! How many among the eminent Statesmen of the age, and upon whom "recorded honors have thickened around," owe their advancement to the precepts which at an early age were instilled into their tender minds by her who gave them being! Who that prides himself upon his American birth, but will cherish in his heart a remembrance of the virtues of the mother of Washington! Who, like woman smoothes the bed of pain and administers to the wants of the sick with such inexhaustible patience? Who like her foregoes sleep, and patiently endures a course of unremitting watchings? Whose hand is so sympathetic! Whose heart so soothing?

It is in the domestic circle, that woman adds a brilliant trait to the wreath of virtues which adorns her brow. As a *Mother* we contemplate the beauty of her character when in the discharge of the responsible duties which devolve upon her; those of educating her children and instilling into their tender minds the precepts of religion and rearing them to virtue and to truth.

As a *Wife* she shines with the brilliancy of a summers sun when comforting her husband in the hour of affliction, consoling him in the time of trouble, and alleviating his wants "when pain and sickness wring his brow."

As a *Sister* she manifests her affection with a sincerity characteristic of a Woman's love. Pure and holy are the throbbings of a Sister's heart for the welfare of a Brother.

As a *Daughter* how lovely and amiable she appears, when contributing to promote the happiness of her aged parents—in rendering comfortable the residue of their days, and by devoting her time, or in exercising her talents to smooth the rugged path of the evening of their lives! It was indeed a brilliant reflection of the Great Jehovah, when in his infinite wisdom he thought it was "not good for man to be alone." What a grand idea! How characteristic of his love! Is it only man that is created in the image of God? Oh no, 'tis woman that approaches nearest to the resemblance of her creator.

Ask of the hardy mariner why he exposes himself to the dangers of the mighty deep, and will not the reply be 'tis for Woman? Ask of the daily laborer why *he* toils from the rising to the setting sun in summers heat and winters cold! He will point you to the lowly thatched cottage of his wife and children.

All, 'tis *all* for woman, and it is well that it is so, for she lays a restraint upon the evil doings of man, softens the hardness of his heart and gives a polish to his manners.

'Tis Woman that contributes to the happiness of the domestic circle, and welcomes by *her love* a husband's return to the fireside of his home. God bless her, for she made her head the pillow of our infancy, while to the fulness of her hearts glad heavings our young cheek rose and fell. And she kept vigil over us in our slumbers, fearful lest her *breathings* should disturb our repose.

O who can be so lost to feelings of gratitude as to forget that Mother who taught their lisping tongue, the words of truth, and bade them adore the author of their being!

O who can be so reckless of the conditions of his being—so devoid of feelings of compassion, as to blight the happiness or mar the prospect of the *loveliest flower of creation*.

He who can wound the feelings, frustrate the felicity, or betray the confidence of *unsuspecting* innocence is not entitled to the appellation of a human creature, is not worthy of being the associate of the respectable, for he should "blush and hide his head to own himself *a man*."

A Female Heart.

"I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the Rose."

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb—and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," and her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury.

Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove, graceful in form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and, as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exalted to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declension of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom, of disappointed love.

Magnetizing Power of the Solar Rays.

Professor Morichini, of Rome, was the first to observe that steel, when exposed to the violet rays of the solar spectrum, becomes magnetic. Similar experiments were tried by Mr. Christie in 1824; but the most accurate experiments upon this subject were performed by Mrs. Somerville in 1825, who determined that not only the violet but indigo, blue and green, develop magnetism in the end of a needle, while yellow, orange and red, produce no sensible effect. As many philosophers have failed in repeating these experiments, Mr. G. J. Knox and the Rev. T. Knox were induced to undertake the investigation of a subject "which has so often disturbed science," and the following is the result of their labors as laid before the Royal Irish Academy on the 24th February last. "Having procured several hundred needles, of different lengths and thicknesses, and having ascertained that they were perfectly free from magnetism, we enveloped them in white paper, leaving one of their extreme ends uncovered. Taking advantage of a favorable day for making experiments upon the chemical ray (known by the few seconds required to blacken chloride of silver,) we placed the needles at right angles to the magnetic meridian, and exposed them for two hours, from eleven to one, to the differently refrangible rays of the sun, under colored glasses. Those beneath the red, orange and yellow, showed no trace of magnetism, while ...

The Mighty Dead.

What a scene would be presented to our eyes could we congregate beneath some vast and shadowy dome the spirits of the illustrious dead! How would all the might and majesty of living men shrink into nothing before so glorious an assemblage! The spectacle would be imposing beyond all that earth can display, all that imagination can embody. Even were we to select the mental and moral princes from among the nations of contemporary men, and bring them together while yet in their imperfect corporeal existence, it would be such a meeting as the world has never beheld. But what if we could command the spell of Endor's sorceress to evoke from their silent dwellings and gather in ghostly convention all the noble souls which have quickened these frames of clay for nine score generations! What a general assembly of earth's first-born children would be there! A spiritual congress of what unparalleled magnificence and power! How would the man who has imbued his soul with the spirit of the past, and paid his intellectual worship at the universal shrine, stand fixed and rooted in over-mastering awe before this grand œcumenical council; this senate of nations; this parliament of ages! From all climes they come; all tribes, all dynasties—unsexed, unbodied; divested of their temporal distinctions, and preserving only the original worth and energy of their natures. They come!—the imperishable essences of those who lived and walked and suffered among their fellows; who labored for the welfare of humanity, and toiled to build themselves a name "the world would not willingly let die." They come!—the light of intelligence beaming in their eyes, and the atmosphere of immortality shining around them. They come!—scions from all branches of the tree of Adam; those who opposed the tyrant and upheld the right; those who fed the fires of truth amidst gloom and darkness; and those who, self-tutored, touched the chords of human sympathy, and breathed immortal strains of poetry and feeling; recalling for a while the hardened hearts of men from war and bloodshed, tumult and distress.

From the Token for 1842.

Evening.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

The evening star now sparkles bright;
Full shines the rising moon,
And fleetly fades the rosy light
Around the horizon.
The bosom swells with holy joy;
The heart beats soft and low
No longer care and pain annoy;
Unchecked the feelings flow.

The meadow brook now dances light;
Its waves shine silver clear
The stars are dancing strangely bright,
Along yon azure sphere.
The nightingale her melody
Trills lightly from the brake;
And trembling, floats in harmony,
The moonbeams on the lake.

The lovelorn maiden listens long,
As trills the melody;
Her tender bosom feels it strong
Her tears are flowing free,
She fondly thinks her lover then
Is serenading nigh;
And sadly sweet in dreams again
She sees him standing by.

Oh! evening is the time for me;
Be thine the glarish day;
My spirit is so full and free,
As fades the light away.
My bosom swells with holy joy;
My heart beats soft and low;
And fondly, then without annoy,
My gentler feelings flow.

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

ACROSTICAL.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 17, 15, 6, is a river in Chinese Tartary.
My 2, 5, 12, 17, is a river in Italy.
My 3, 5, 17, 8, is an ancient city of Turkey in Asia.
My 4, 14, 13, 17, 12, is a canal in the U. States.
My 5, 2, 4, 5, 7, is a lake of the Andes.
My 6, 2, 18, 11, 5, 3, is part of the Madeira Islands.
My 7, 12, 15, 5, 2, is the capital of the Azore Islands.
My 8, 11, 14, 13, 18, 19 13, is a river in Asia.
My 9, 5, 13, 11, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 9, 5, 6, is a cape of Africa.
My 11, 15, 13, 12, 7, is a gulf of Greece.
My 12, 2, 10, 8, is an island north of the U. States.
My 13, 17, 12, 13, 2, 14, is one of the European Seas.
My 14, 9, 15, 5, 17, 16, 17, 14, 19, is an island of Greece.
My 15, 9, 12, 11, 10, 2, is a town in Indiana.
My 16, 13, 12, 9, is a large creek in Indiana.
My 17, 5, 7, 14, 15, 9, is a county in Indiana.
My 18, 2, 14, 3, 9, 11, is a river in the U. States.
My 19, 13, 17, 15, 7, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My whole is the best newspaper printed in the United States. A solution is requested. A HOOSIER.

Arithmetical Question.

There are six numbers in geometrical progression, the sum of the extremes is 99, and the sum of the other four terms is 90. Quere the numbers?

Patriotism.

There are in the world, at least, two kinds of patriotism, and though they occupy the antagonist extremes of morals, it is very hard for the ordinary man to distinguish between them. The one is true and genuine; the other, false and counterfeit. The one may be seen; the other is always to be heard. The one carries his public love in his heart, and shows it in his actions; the other carries his upon his tongue, and discovers it in his speech. The one is something solid, and works without ceasing; the other is delicate and shadowy, and is always too busy to do any thing. The one is crabbed, perhaps, and usually unpromising; the other is the sweetest spoken person, and promises every thing. The one thinks; the other speaks. The one has no family but his country; the other has no country but his family. The one sits late in council; the other gets late to council. The one asks, in what better way to appropriate the public money for the good of the public; the other, for his own good. The one waits for the necessity to spend it; the other looks for the necessity, and, failing to find, makes it. The one makes the government, in order to make the people; the other unmakes the people, in making the government. The one contents him, though the public treasury be empty, if the people feel no want; the other makes the people poor, that he may fill the treasury. The one leaves the public service a beggar;—when the other retires, which is never in a hurry, he still carries with him as much of its goods and chattels as will save him from any such humiliating imputation. Last, not least, the former, though a patriot, is always a private man—an individual—still private, even when most busy in public affairs;—the latter, though no patriot—nay, the foe to all patriots, has yet no private existence whatever. He is a public man, only—never a citizen! He is the representative of the people—how should he be one of them!

The English Tongue.

How great, then, is the power of the English tongue! To possess it, to be trained in the use of it, is to have our hand upon the main-spring of the moral and intellectual improvement of our race. It is to hold a medium of thought and expression, which is capable of receiving and sending out, to the remotest habitations of man, the lights of science, the refinements of civilization and the impulses of virtue and religion. And it is no reproach to the mother country, to say that this language will soon be less appropriately denominated the *English*, than the *Anglo-American*; for while England retains her long enjoyed and now established pre-eminence among the nations of the old world, our own republic is entering upon a fresh career of advancement, which is destined to exert a still more expanding influence on the new. Our field is less encumbered by long settled usages adverse to improvement. Our institutions have the vigor of youth, are accordant with the spirit of the times, and suited to the new state of society which now exists. If, then, the prospect of the British empire were the reverse of what it is; "if England should fall before a new irruption of barbarians," and her light should be extinguished for ever, still the English race would remain in the western world, and with it, the language of that race,—with whatever in its literature and religion is adapted to affect the higher interests of humanity,—abounding in its native stores, multifarious in its foreign acquisitions, and prepared to receive and dispense new riches of mind.

A Good Story.

One day, a sturdy peasant in the environs of Evreux was at work in the fields amidst storm and rain, and went home in the evening, thoroughly tired, and drenched to the skin. He was met at the house-door by his loving wife, who had been at home all day. "My dear," said she, "it has been raining so hard that I could not fetch water, and so I have not been able to make you any soup. As you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water; you will not get any wetter." The argument was striking; so the man took the buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching the house, he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; there, lifting one bucket after the other, he poured both over his kind and considerate partner. "Now, wife," said he, "you are quite as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch ...

[illegible]